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From a Copley Print. Copyright by Curtis & Cameron.

WASHINGTON LAYING HIS COMMISSION AT THE FEET OF COLUMBIA — E. H. Blashfield.

This painting is in the Court House at Baltimore, Md.

A Celebration Worth While

By JOHN L. WOODBURY

"HEY, Jack! Got something to tell you."

Bob Farrell hurried across the street as Jack Donley paused with, "Cut it short, old man; I'm going to mail a letter."

Bob glanced around warily.

"We're trying to plan up something for Washington's birthday," he then ventured; "something worth while, I mean; something that will reflect credit upon us as patriotic young Americans." And he straightened back with an air of importance common to him.

"Got anything definite in view?" queried Jack, interestedly.

Bob drew a step nearer and spoke in a guarded tone.

"You know old Zeiche who lives across the river?"

"Sure. A German, isn't he?"

"Yes, and a Hessian to boot. You know what Washington did to the Hessians, of course. That was Christmas time, but we've about decided that the

best way to celebrate his birthday is to pay old Zeiche and his gang a call, and show them just where their place is here in America."

"Ye-s-s. What's — what's he done, Bob?"

"Done," snorted the other. "Didn't I tell you he's a Hessian? — one of a hated race that came over here and helped England, in an effort to deprive us of our —"

Jack saw that people were pausing to listen, and cut Bob off with, "About mail time, old fellow; see you later," and hurried on with his letter.

Next day what proved a stormy meeting was held in the Farrell barn-chamber. Bob's idea, as set forth in a fiery speech, was to duplicate, in a way, Washington's memorable crossing of the Delaware. They could get their sisters, he declared, to make them some uniforms like those of the old Colonial soldiers. Riggered in these, they would cross the river on the evening of the 22nd, march to the old German's home and after cutting up all sorts of pranks round the house, call him to the door and tell him that if an American flag was not seen

flying over the place next day he might expect trouble.

Most of the dozen boys present fell in with the plan.

"We can use my boat," announced Tad Jones.

"And I can take along a flag," chimed in Bill Coady, "so he can't plead the excuse of not having one."

Sam Cooper declared he'd rig up some "tick-tacks" and "devil whirls" to hang on the windows, that would make the whole family think the house was haunted.

Tom Martin, the minister's son, alone was silent.

"Seems to me, boys," he quietly said at length, "it would be showing anything but true American spirit to come down on comparative strangers in our midst like that. Father has called on them and he says they're nice people. The old folks are bringing up three orphan grandchildren. All of them play and sing beautifully, and they seem a very happy family."

Tom's quietly spoken words had their effect. But now Ross Newell declared he'd lately seen what he thought was a German flag flying from a pole by the

Zeiche house. He was sure, anyway, it wasn't an American flag. And straightway the spirit of enmity revived again.

"That's it," exclaimed Bob, triumphantly. "I tell you we've got to sit on these foreigners or they'll be crowding us Yankees out, with their uppish ways and outlandish customs. Down with 'em I say!" he finished. And the boys wildly echoed his words.

So it was that the evening of the historic 22nd found a group of gaily uniformed figures gathered on the river bank, eager for their patriotic enterprise. Tom Martin, to the surprise of many, was of the number. But he took little part in the gay chatter in which his mates indulged, as they clambered into Tad Jones' boat and rowed across the dark river.

Bob, who carried a wooden sword, assumed command of the party, nearly all of whom were armed with some sort of weapon, after they reached the farther shore. Forming two abreast the march was begun across the snowy fields for the old German's home, the lighted windows of which could be seen in the distance.

Coming upon a fresh-cut pile of wood, Capt. Bob halted his men.

"Just the thing for a bonfire," he declared. "Rustle round, boys, and get some kindling and we'll have a blaze when we return."

"You really shouldn't do it, Bob," protested Tom Martin. "Father said the old man was hauling up wood the other day on a hand sled."

"Well, we'll be saving him a hard job then," retorted Bob, unfeelingly. "And that looks like the sled there; throw it on top of the pile, for of course he won't need it if he has no wood to haul."

And before the party left, a huge pile of dry brush and bark had been piled against the wood, ready for the match.

"First thing we'll look after is that German rag," said Bob, as they drew near the house.

Ross Newell pointed to a pole rising above a snow fort, evidently built by the children. Half a dozen boys sprang into the fort and flattened the pole. One of them pounced upon the supposed alien flag and tore it in twain. But titters followed next moment, for it was seen that it was only a red bandanna handkerchief.

Bob, though greatly taken aback, managed to stammer out something about its "not being the Stars and Stripes, anyway," and quickly changed the subject by suggesting that they break off the handle of the pump.

But now, Jack Donley, who had poked on ahead, came back with the announcement, "If you want to hear some good music, come up to the house."

The curious boys stole up to an uncurtained window, and peered into a dimly-lighted and scantily-furnished room. In one corner an elderly woman, with a

Climbing

By F. DUPUY

One can stand with ease where the Ledge is wide

And look o'er the Valley the mists half hide,

But to reach where the Sun marks ice and snow

Takes nerve and skill and a will to go.

There are colors to wash near the Valley road

But far up aloft is the Mother lode,
You can never reach it by looking there
Or pitching camp in the Valley fair.

Climb where the wild goat climbs with ease,

Where the torrent leaps, and the dark fir trees

Bury their roots in the crevice deep

The grizzly shuns, but the deer can leap.

The stream winds smooth near the Valley banks,

As it follows its flower-strewn course,
But it had to struggle up near the peaks
'Mid rocks where it had its source;

It carved its way through the granite dyke,

It moulded the limestone gorge,
It rounded the boulders, large and small,
Fashioned in Nature's forge;

It twisted the rich gold out of the quartz
Once locked in a fissure vein,

It scattered it into a mountain stream
And buried it once again.

Do you think you can pick up the nuggets smooth,

Or wash the fine dust from a pan?

NEVER by taking it easy, Boy,

ONLY by work of a MAN.

sweet, kindly face, was seated at a small organ, and grouped around her were two boys, of perhaps ten and twelve years, with violins; a fair-haired girl, somewhat older, with a guitar; and a man, wrinkled and gray-haired, but straight of figure as a youth, standing beside a bass-viol.

The little orchestra had just finished a piece, but at a signal from the aged leader they began another selection. So surprised were the boys to see with what skill even the children handled their instruments and so spell-bound were they by the harmony that rang through the old house that at first they did not recognize the piece, but they exchanged sheepish glances when they realized it was "America."

When they had finished, the old man spoke feelingly to the children:

"Ah, yes, Amerika eez ze grand cuntry. It eez not long for Katrinka and me but you, God weeling, haf many years

to live in zis great land of libertee. It eez not ze iron rule of ze despotism here, lik' zat for wheech your father gif up heez loife, but men lik' zat" — pointing to a newspaper cut of Washington and Lincoln tacked to the wall, under a small American flag — "who luf and serve ze people. Be glad, mine children, zat it is now your cuntry. Luf it, and, if need be, sacrifice for it your lifes."

Then, after playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," the little family laid aside their instruments and fell on their knees, and the aged German prayed fervently to God to guide and bless them in this land of their adoption.

Tears stood in the eyes of every boy as they stole away from the window.

"Tom," said Bob Farrell, chokingly, "it isn't enough for me to ask your pardon; I want you to give me a sound thrashing."

"That's right," chimed in the rest, "go straight through the bunch of us, Tom, we'll take it without a word."

"I've a better plan than that," laughed Tom Martin. "Let's take the old man's sled and haul every stick of his wood up to the door before we leave."

Tom's proposal was greeted with suppressed "Hurrahs!" And so it was that the boys celebrated in a way "worth while."

I see in him (Washington) a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. He will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

The Wireless Message of the Children of Wales

Washington's advice to his countrymen was to have nothing to do with entangling alliances with the people of other countries. The change of sentiment since his day is well shown in the wireless message broadcast to the world by the children of Wales in 1922-23-24-25-26-27, as follows:

"We, boys and girls of the Principality of Wales and Monmouthshire, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the sun. Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and kill one another. Long live the Covenant of the League of Nations — the friend of every mother, the protector of every home, and the guardian angel of the youth of the world!"

"Never Had a Chance"

By John F. Cowan

I'LL trudge ten blocks out of my way to dodge the fellow who wants to whine in my sympathetic ear his, "I never had a fair chance."

There's a coal-heaver in New York who has put on exhibition thirty much-talked-of paintings — Benito Quinquilla Martin, who has been sent by the Argentine Government to study the painters of this country.

He taught himself art while working as a longshoreman in Buenos Aires. He was a foundling child, adopted by a couple who earned a scanty living by a small coal business. His first designs were drawn on the walls with bits of charcoal — portraits of his comrades in toil. At twenty he had taught himself to read and write. Then he got his hands on a book of Rodin's.

You say, "But he had latent genius."

However, he had to *make* his chance to learn how to read the book that inspired his genius.

Clarence D. Chamberlain, one of the three 1927 Atlantic fliers, says in his book, *Record Flights*:

"Another idea prevalent is that the pilots who make these long flights are a breed apart, a small and select group of super-airmen. America has a thousand airmen capable of non-stop flight from New York to Europe, if the opportunity, the equipment and the *patience and ability to learn and prepare* were also theirs."

Do you want to know how "Opportunity" fell to Lindbergh?

"Oh, I know — sheer good luck."

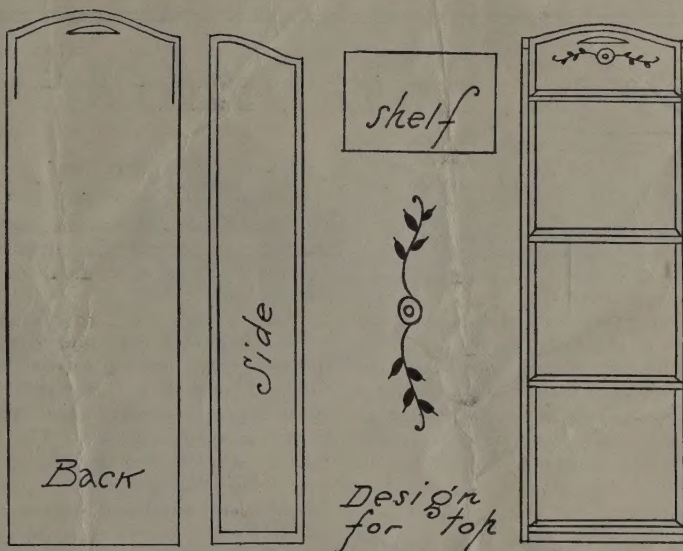
Lieut. Lester J. Maitland, U. S. A., one of "Slim's" closest pals, tells this interesting story of how Lindbergh *made his opportunity*.

"Very few know what a hard fight Lindbergh had to get backing. He was a mail flyer, threatened with dismissal for his persistent habit of daring storms to put through the mails. The law of averages had prompted his superiors to fear he would come to grief in one of his daring flights.

"He got the 'hop-the-Atlantic' bug and made the rounds of the usual 'hopes of aviators,' with reputation for backing aviation stunts. After repeated failures he even went to makers of a famous cigarette to ask them to finance a flight to Paris in a plane bearing the name of their brand. He finally sat down and quietly studied the field, selecting a group of important St. Louis business men of civic pride. He coined the phrase 'Spirit of St. Louis' to appeal to them."

It did; but Lindburgh had dug his chance out of hard-pan.

Here's another of the same breed of chance-diggers. On a ranch near San



A Small Book-Shelf for a Boy's Room

By HARVEY PEAKE

For a boy's own books, he can make a good-looking book-shelf of rather thin board sawed out according to the pattern given here as an illustration. It may vary in size as the needs of the books may demand, but it should not be too large unless heavier board is used in its making.

A good size is 33 inches in height, 10 inches in width and 7 inches in depth. These proportions will accommodate any ordinary book. Large dictionaries, atlases and books of like character should never be placed in hanging shelves. The separate pieces of the book-shelves should be very carefully marked out upon the board before they are sawed out and put together. And the putting together should be done with small, wire nails.

The top of the back is arched and an

opening is cut into it, whereby it may be hung upon a large nail. The side pieces slope toward the front at the top; and the whole design is graceful in outline and proportion.

The three openings between the shelves should be 9 inches in height. By careful arrangement this will leave about 3 inches above the upper shelf and 1 inch below the lower one. When the shelf is put together it is ready to sandpaper until it is smooth and even on the surface. Then it should be painted with enamel or lacquer in a bright vermilion or black. If it can be managed, a few fine stripes of contrasting color, painted upon the sides and top, will add greatly to its beauty. A still further addition would be a simple design upon the top of the back in the same contrasting color.

If there are enough books to fill them the three spaces can be used for books alone, but if there are not enough the upper shelves may be filled with any small objects a boy may possess.

Antonio, Texas, there stood, until lately, the hut in which "O. Henry" labored amid poverty to become a writer. What skill he did not dig up there he acquired in the penitentiary where he served a term for technical violation of banking loan laws for which his superior confessed, too late, that he was responsible. "O. Henry's" first stories were sent from prison to a friend who forwarded them to magazines.

If he was a "born writer" he never knew it until he had battered down the doors of skeptical editors. A score of great American writers could be pointed out who had to strain and slave through from seven to twenty years of heart-breaking apprenticeship — Zane Gray, Fannie Hurst, Joseph Hergesheimer, Mary Roberts Rinehart, etc.

Here in my own country is a high-

school boy who has had to run a chicken ranch and care for an invalid mother for two years while carrying on his high-school work. He captured his chance from the nests of 800 hens, giving from four to six hours a day to them. And he's going to make them pay his way through college, as another student made a cow educate him.

The world is full of successes who have had no fat chance handed them on a silver tray. They had to get up early in the morning and turn up a chance. President Garfield once said, "Waiting for a chance to come is sitting on a stump in the pasture and waiting for the cow to come and be milked."

Chances don't turn up. The head of a certain great advertising agency had a chance to go to school only four

(Continued on page 84)

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear B. C. Members:

Our friend Margery Smith, who is also a member of our Club and who wrote the story about the ride she took in an old stage coach from London to Oxford, has sent a personal letter to the Editor in which she tells something about St. Nicholas as she saw him in her home-school in Switzerland. She says:

"The Saint Nicolas is so different here: he carries a big straw basket that has leather straps on it to put on his back; in it is a bunch of 'wips' (just little cut things without being peeled). He (Saint Nicolas) wears just regular pants and a big black coat (short), with a hood that comes over his eyes. The little ones believe in Saint Nicolas. We put down shoes instead of stockings."

Do you suppose there is nothing in that basket but "wips"? Those must be for the naughty children. Let's hope there is something nice for the good children. If there is not, we shall all prefer our good old Santa Claus, shall we not?

The EDITOR.

21 WILDWOOD ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church of Winchester. Our minister's name is Rev. George Hale Reed. My teacher's name is Miss Hudson. I am in the seventh grade. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I liked the story of "Where There's a Will." I also like the twisted names. I am a Girl Scout and should be glad to hear from anyone who would tell me about their troop.

Lovingly yours,
MARGARET B. PLUMER.

2 RANGELEY RIDGE,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I look forward to *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am eleven years old and I go to the Winchester Unitarian Sunday school. I am in the seventh grade. Miss Hudson is my teacher's name. My minister and superintendent are Mr. Reed and Mr. Miller respectively.

Sincerely yours,
JUNE PETTINGELL.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

1 SPRING ST.,
TAUNTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have read *The Beacon* for many years and am a member of the Club. I suggested a Memory Book, a while ago. I have made mine already. It is full of everything from *The Beacon*. I have valentines and Christmas cards; I have letters and things from parties. If you have stiff cardboard you can make it all the better. I am a Girl Scout and I love that as much as I love this Club. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade. I should like to have someone write to me.

I wish every Beacon Club member a Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,
CALISTA WHITE.

WINCHESTER, N. H.

Dear Editor: I am seven years old and I should like very much to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I like to read *The Beacon* every week when it comes to my brother. I go to the Universalist church here and our minister is Rev. J. E. Coulter. The teacher of my Sunday-school class is Mrs. Dorothy Walker. Our church here is a Memorial Church because the profession of faith was adopted here in 1803.

Yours sincerely,
ELVA TARBELL.

Box 124, R. F. D.,
CANTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club. My minister's name is Rev. Royden Leonard. I would very much like to wear its pin. My teacher's name is Miss B. Holmes. My class is now studying *Little Journeys Among the Books of the Bible*.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK SNYDER.

Puzzlers

A Doctor's Visits

When Willy was no longer ill,
His father paid a doctor's bill.

This doctor's bill was three times more
Than dollars twelve less dollars four.

For each of all his calls charged he
One hundred cents plus dollars three.

How many visits would that be
To cure young Willy's malady?

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Twisted Bible Names

1. Udejgs.
2. Rank.
3. Tuhr.
4. Rhenoicels
5. Soamn.
6. Ielnda.
7. Brewseh.
8. Amjes.
9. Retpe.
10. Ustit.

ARTHUR TURNER (AGE 10).

Answers to Puzzles in No. 18

Pyramid Puzzle.—

T
oHe
arEar
lyaBird
whenEastb
eginsAredfl
ameisaCtually
agreatmOmentoff
aithjoyaNdfeeling

THE BEACON.

A Word Square.—LAKE.

ANNA.
KNOT.
EATS.

"Never Had a Chance"

(Continued from page 83)

years, and that intermittently because of ill health. When he was eleven he struck out for himself, selling maps made by a small-town preacher in New York. From that he got into a newspaper office as errand boy, and fought every round of the ladder up, while the chaps who lament they never had a chance were waiting for the elevator to take them up.

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